LADY ATHLYNE

(Continued.)

The expression of his opinions as to the moral and commercial worth of the motor-agent and of the manufacturer with whom he dealt seemed to relieve his feelings to some degree; he returned to Brown's in a much milder frame of mind than that in which he had gone out. He was kept pretty busy till the time of departure, but in his secret heart—made up to action during the time of his work—he determined to try to make amends to Judy for the pain had not been present at that scene which it already pained him to look back upon.

He was somewhat incensed that as he could not leave by his intended train he would have to postpone the journey by several hours. He could not now arrive at Ambleside till nearly midnight.

In the train he took the first opportunity of making the amende to Judy. Mrs. Ogilvie had fallen asleep—she had been awake since very early in the morning, so the Colonel said quietly to his sister-in-law:

"Judy I want you to forgive me, if you can." She thrilled with pleasure as he spoke her name in the familiar form. It seemed some sort of presage of a change for the better, a sort of lifting of the ban which had all day lain so heavy on her. As he went on her hopes grew; there were possibilities that, after all, Joy was not yet finally doomed to unhappiness. At all times Colonel Ogilvie was impressive in his manner; the old-fashioned courtesy on which he had long ago founded himself was permeated with conscious self-esteem. Now when the real earnestness of the moment was grafted upon this pronounced manner he seemed to the last degree dignified—almost pompous:

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I caused you pain this morning, or how ashamed I am for having so lost my temper before you. For more than twenty years I have honestly tried, my dear, to make you happy." Here she interrupted him: "And you succeeded Lucius!" He rose and bowed gravely:

"Thank you, my dear. I am grateful to you for that kindly expression. It does much, I assure you, to mitigate the poignancy of my present concern. It was too bad of me to let my bitterness so wound you. It shall not occur again. Moreover I feel that I owe you something; and I promise you that if I should be so—so overcome again by anger I shall try to obey you to the best of my power. You shall tell me what you wish me to do; and if I can I shall try to do it." Here a look of caution, rare to him, overspread his face: "I won't promise to give up a purpose of my life or brook any interference with the course of honour—that I can promise to no one, not even to you my dear. But if I can grant any consideration—or—or favour I shall certainly try to do so!"

Judy was not so well satisfied with the end of the promise as with the beginning. But it was hopeful of better things for the future; so he meekly and gratefully accepted it en bloc.

When they arrived at Ambleside it was dark and the lamps at the station lent but a dim light. It became evident to Mrs. Ogilvie and Judy that Colonel Ogilvie was disappointed at not finding Joy awaiting them on the platform. He had, during the journey, explained to them with some elaboration that they were not to expect her as he had said there was no need of her coming; but, all the same, he had himself expected her. As the train drew up he had leaned out of the window looking carefully along the whole range of the platform. When, however, he ascertained that she was not there, he turned his attention to Judy whom he observed prolonging the search. His mind at once went back to his original concern that there was something between her and Mr. Hardy. She heard him say to himself fiercely under his breath:

"That damned fellow again!" She did not of course understand that it was with reference to herself, and took it that it presaged ill to Joy. She knew from Colonel Ogilvie's expression and bearing that the man he had now grown to hate was in his mind, and with a heavy heart she took her place in the waiting landau.

When the carriage arrived at the hotel Colonel Ogilvie jumped out and ran up the steps. This was so unlike his usual courtesy that it not only pained the two ladies but made them anxious. When Colonel Ogilvie forgot his habitual deference to women something serious indeed must have been in his mind! When they followed, which they did as quickly as they could, they found him in the hall reading a telegram. A railway envelope lay on the table, and beside it a little pile of letters. When he had finished reading the first telegram he opened the second and read it also. All the time his face was set in a grim frown, the only relief from which was the wrinkling of his forehead which betrayed an added anxiety. He handed the two transcripts to his wife, saying as he did so:

"I have put them in order; one is a few hours earlier than the other!" Mrs. Ogilvie read in silence and handed the forms to Judy, the Colonel remaining grimly silent. Mrs. Ogilvie said nothing. When Judy had turned over the last and looked at the back of it in that helpless manner which betrays inadequate knowledge, Colonel Ogilvie said:

"Well?"

"I trust the poor child is not in any danger!" said the mother.

"How thoughtful of her to have sent twice. She knew you would be so anxious about her!" said the aunt, wishing to propitiate the angry father. For fully a minute no more was said. Then the Colonel spoke:

"She went motoring. In whose car? I have not yet got my own!" As he was speaking the hotel proprietor came into the hall to pay his respects, as he usually did with incoming guests. He heard the last remark and said:

"Pardon me, Colonel Ogilvie. But your car has arrived. The chauffeur who had charge of it and came in the same train with it to Kirby Stephen drove it here some time ago!" Colonel Ogilvie bowed a slight acknowledgement and turning to Judy said:

"Then it could not be in that car she went. If not, whose car was it? Whom did she go with? We know no one here who owns a car; and we did not make any new acquaintances during our stay. Indeed none even of our old acquaintances did us the honour of calling. But perhaps my dear Judy," he spoke with manifest and comforting self-restraint—"you can enlighten us. Do you know if your friend Mr. Hardy whom you informed of our being here has a motor car?" Judy feared to precipitate disaster, and not knowing what to say answered feebly with a query:

"Why Colonel?" The storm cloud of the father's wrath instantly broke:

"Why, madam 'why'" he almost roared whilst the discreet proprietor withdrew closing the inner door of the hall behind him—the luggage was being taken in by the basement door:

"I'll tell you why if you wish—though perhaps you know it already—because I want to know under what circumstances my daughter has gone out motoring with some stranger—though indeed it may be that he is not quite a stranger—the moment my back was turned. Let me tell you that it is not usual for unmarried young ladies to go out motoring into far away places with men, unchaperoned. My honour—my honour through my daughter—is here concerned. And it is like that damned fellow to take her away in such an underhand manner. You need say nothing of him. It's no use trying to palliate his conduct. True enough I don't know for certain that it is he, or that she is alone with any man; but I have a conviction that it is so; and I tell you I shall lose no time in putting my convictions to the test. I mean to take no chances with regard to that damned fellow. I don't trust him. He has already affronted me, and has been tampering with the women of my family. I have borne even that with what temper I could because I was under obligation to him. But if, as it would seem, he has run away with my daughter, I shall brook his insolence no longer. He shall render me a full account of his doings with me and mine!" He crammed his letters into his pocket and strode up stairs. There he rang the bell in such a violent manner that the proprietor himself attended to it. Colonel Ogilvie asked him to have the chauffeur, sent up to him, and requested the proprietor to come also himself as he wished to ask him some questions on local matters. He had by now his temper in hand, and was all the more dangerous because cold. In a few minutes the proprietor brought in the chauffeur, a stolid, hard-featured, silent man; manifestly one to obey orders and to stand any amount of fatigue. When Colonel Ogilvie had looked at his credentials and asked him some questions, all of which he did with perfect self-control and courtesy, he turned to the proprietor and asked:

"Can you tell me whereabout is a place called Castle Douglas?"

"In Scotland, Colonel. In Galloway—the part of Scotland just beyond the Firth of Solway. It is I think in Kirkcudbrightshire."

"How far from here?"

"Something over a hundred miles I should say." The father started:

"Good God!" Judy's heart sank at the exclamation and the tone; his voice was laden with horror and despair. The new chauffeur's mouth opened. He spoke as if every word was grudgingly shot out:

"It is exactly ninety-one and a half miles." Colonel Ogilvie turned to him quickly:

"How do you know so accurately; have you driven it?"

"Never sir!"

"Then how do you know?"

"In the train coming down I spent my time looking over the maps and the distance as given in the books of the Motorists' Touring Club. I noted that."

"Had you any reason for examining that particular route?" asked the Colonel suspiciously. He was obsessed by an idea that the "damned fellow" was corrupting everybody so as to work against him, Colonel Ogilvie.

"None special; I was only trying to do my business well. I thought it likely that you might want me to stay with you a short time until you and your permanent chauffeur should become acquainted with the mechanism of your new car. You see, I was told you were an American, and the American makes differ somewhat from our own. And as I am myself looking out for a permanent situation where I should be well paid, made comfortable, and treated with whatever consideration is due to a first-class mechanicien and driver I thought that if I showed zeal in your temporary service you might wish to retain me permanently. In a certain sense I took, I may say, special note of at least part of that particular route."

"Why?" Colonel Ogilvie's suspicions came up afresh at the admission.

"Simply because I took it that you might want to drive into Scotland, and Galloway is perhaps the most promising region for motoring on this side of that country. All the motor roads from this side of England run through Carlisle. Then you cross the Border close to Gretna Green. . . ."

"To where?" The Colonel's voice was full of passion. The chauffeur went on calmly and explicitly:

"Gretna Green. That is where runaway marriages used to be made. That place was usually chosen because it was the first across the Border where Scotch law ruled. The simplifying of our marriage laws and the growth of sanity amongst parents of marriageable daughters generally has done away with the necessity of elopement. Now we go by there without stopping, as Galloway is the modern objective. Indeed in going there you do not go into Gretna at all; you pass it by on the right when you have crossed the bridge over the Sark and are making for Annan. And as to my knowledge of mileages that is a part of my trade. It is my business to arrange for the amount of petrol necessary for the run I am ordered to make. I don't think that you need disturb yourself about that one small item of my knowledge. It may set you more at ease if I tell you that it is one hundred and thirty-six and a half miles to Glasgow; a hundred and one to Abbotsford; seventy-five and a half to Dumfries; a hundred and thirty-five and a half to Edinburgh; two hundred and seventy-four and a half to Aberdeen; one hundred and fifty-eight and three quarters to . . ."

"Stop! stop!" cried Colonel Ogilvie. "I am obliged to you for your zeal in my service; and I think I can promise you that if in every way you suit, you may look on the permanent post as your own. I shall want you to begin your duties this very night. But this is a special job; and with special reward, for it is difficult and arduous."

"I am willing sir, whatever it may be."

"That is well said. You are the sort of man I want."

"My orders sir?"

"I want you to take me to Castle Douglas to-night—now—as soon as you can get ready. I wish to get there as soon as I can. You will want to have everything right, for we must have no break-down if we can help it. And you must have good lamps."

"'Twill be all right, sir. We shan't, I expect, break down. But if we do—the motor is a new one and I did not make it—I shall put it right. I am a first-rate mechanicien and an accomplished driver. . . ."

"All right; but don't talk. Get the car ready, and we shall start at once."

"We can start at once, so far as the car and I are concerned. But we lack something yet. We must have a pilot."

"A pilot! I thought you knew the way."

"On paper, yes; and I doubt not I could get there all right—in time. But you want to go quick; and we would lose time finding out the way. Remember we are going in the dark." Then turning to the proprietor he said:

"Perhaps you can help us here, sir. Have you any one who can pilot?"

"Not a chauffeur; but I have a coachman who knows all round here for a couple of days' journey. I have no doubt that he knows that road amongst the others. He could sit beside you and direct you how to go!"

"Right! Can you get him soon?"

"At once. He lives over the stables. I shall send for him now." He rang the bell and when the servant came gave his message. And so that matter was settled and the journey arranged. The chauffeur went to have a last look over the motor car, and to bring it round to the door.

All the time of the interview Colonel Ogilvie stood silent, keeping erect and rigid. He was so stern and so master of himself that Judy wished now that he had less self-control. She feared the new phase even more than the old. Then care for what had still to be done took hold of her. She took her sister away to prepare a little basket of food and wine for Colonel Ogilvie and the men with him; they would need some sustenance on their long, arduous journey. Those kindly offices kept both women busy whilst Colonel Ogilvie was putting on warm clothes for the night traveling. Presently Mrs. Ogilvie joined him. When they were alone she said to him somewhat timidly:

"You will be tender, dear, with Joy? The child is young, and a harsh word spoken in anger at a time when she is high-strung and nervous and tired and frightened might be a lasting sorrow to her!" She half expected that he would resent her speaking at all. She was surprised as well as pleased when putting his hands kindly on her shoulders, he said:

"Be quite easy in your mind on that subject, wife. Joy has all my love; and, whatever comes, I shall use no harsh word to her. I love her too well to give her pain, at the moment or to think of afterwards. She shall have nothing but care and tenderness and such words as you would yourself wish spoken!" The mother was comforted for the moment. But then came a thought, born of her womanhood, that the keenest pain which could be for the woman would be through her concern for the man. She had little doubt as to what her husband's action would be if his surmises as to Mr. Hardy should prove to be correct. And such would mean the blighting of poor Joy's life. She would dearly have loved to remonstrate her husband on the subject; and she would have done so whatever might have been the consequences to herself, but that she feared that any ill-timed expostulation might be harmful to her daughter. All the motherhood in her was awake, and nerved her to endure in silence. The only other words she said as she kissed her husband were:

"Good-bye for a while, dear. God keep you in all dangers of the road—and—and in all the far greater dangers that may come to you at the end of it. My love to Joy! Be good to her and never forget that she can suffer most through any one dear to her. Bring her home to me, safe and—and happy! I . . ." Her voice broke and she wept on his shoulder. Colonel Ogilvie was a determined man, and in some ways a harsh and cruel one; but he was a man and understood. He took his wife in his arms and kissed her fondly, stroking her dark hair wherein the silver threads were showing. Then he passed out in silence.

By the door of the car he found Judy who said:

"I have put in your supper—you will want it dear—and also supper for the men. And oh! Lucius, don't forget, for poor Joy's sake, that this day you hold her heart—which is her life—in your hand!"

This added responsibility filled the cup of Colonel Ogilvie's indignation. Already his conscience was quickening and his troubles—the agitation to his feelings—were almost more than he could bear. He would have liked to make some cynical remark to Judy; but before he could think of anything sufficiently biting, the motor which had been throbbing violently started.

Before the angry man could attempt to get his self-possession he was gazing past the two shrouded figures before him and across the luminous arc of the lamps out into the night. The darkness seemed to sweep by him as he rushed on his way to Scotland.

When he had gone Judy turned to her sister and said:

"I was going to give him Joy's dressing bag and a change of dress to take with him. She will want them, poor dear, after a long day of travel and a night in a strange place. But I have thought of a better plan."

"And that?" asked the anxious mother.

(To be Continued.)

The First Electric Lights.

John Hollingshead was the first man to use electric light in London. In 1878 he installed six arc lamps at the old Gaiety theater and startled the Strand. The price of gas shares fell immediately. The cost of the lamps was $200 a week, and he ran them for nine months. An attempt to plant one inside the theater at the foot of the grand staircase was a failure. The women objected to the fierceness of the light. One of them, for instance, "pretended to be very anxious that the secret of her soft complexion should not be discovered." Professor Erasmus Wilson said of electric light at that time, "With regard to the electric light, much has been said for and against it, but I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, that when the Paris exhibition closes the electric light will close with it, and very little more will be heard about it." Mr. Hollingshead, by the way, had fitted up the Gaiety as early as 1869 with an electric searchlight, which flashed the length of the Strand. But he soon withdrew that for fear of scaring the horses.

To Find Your Affinity.

Your affinity is your mate, but unless you know the six types of happy married folks on Olympus, up to date, you may miss yours. Jupiter, king of heaven, ruler of men, house and business, must marry Juno, the queenly woman, plump, domestic, wise as Minerva, yet loving as Venus. Venus should mate with Apollo; but, being fond of all men and usually pretty, a Venus woman marries any one, often several times. Marry she will be petted and adored she must or die. Minerva, on the contrary, can be happy only with a Vulcan, a man her counterpart, wise, lofty, patient, a reformer, teacher and philosopher. Both have contempt for frivolity and meanness and vice. Most all of the elderly single women in the world, especially those descendants from Puritan or Calvanistic stock, are single just because they are the Minerva type and too wise to marry any one but Vulcans. And Vulcan men, being the best of their sex, are scarce.—Nautilis.